

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.

Colonel Charles Denby at the G. A. R. Fair at Evansville.

The War for the Union and the Heroes Who Fought in It—Gallantry of Our Soldiers—Outstanding Greek and Roman—Thrilling Incidents of the Great Strife.

On the evening of the 6th inst., at Evansville, was opened a fair for the benefit of the G. A. R. Post of that city. From the Evansville Tribune we copy the address of Colonel Charles Denby, delivered on the occasion. Colonel Denby spoke as follows:

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES—It is not expected of me on this occasion that I should detain you with a lengthy address. There are other duties to be performed here, and social pleasures awaiting you from which I must not long keep you.

We are here to day at an interval of twenty years after the termination of the war of rebellion. The question as to when the war began and when it ended, has frequently been before the Supreme Court of the United States. The war did not begin or close at the same time in all the States. The States did not all secede at the same time. There were two proclamations of intended blockade: the first on the 19th of April, 1861, embracing the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas; the second on the 27th of April, 1861, embracing the States of Virginia and North Carolina. In like manner there were two proclamations declaring that the war had closed: one issued on the 2d of April, 1865, embracing the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas; and the other issued on the 20th of August, 1865, embracing the State of Texas.

So the Court holds that as to all the States but Virginia and North Carolina the war began on the 19th of April, 1861, and as to all the States but Texas it ended the 2d of April, 1865.

Technically, we are bound by the decision of the Court. But, practically, the war began the 12th day of April, 1861, when Sumter was fired on.

On the 9th day of April, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant, near Appomattox Court House. On the 26th day of April, 1865, Johnston surrendered to Sherman. This surrender practically closed the war.

This great contest lasted more than four years. History tells us that in the Union armies 300,000 men were killed in battle, or died of wounds or disease. It is supposed that 200,000 were crippled for life. The Union debt January 1, 1865, was nearly \$2,700,000,000. At one time the daily expenses were \$3,500,000. During the last year of the war the expenditures of the Government for the war were greater than the entire expenditures of the Government for the year.

Washington to Buchanan. I have not time this evening for any detail of the events of the war.

The incidents are burnt into our memories and will never fade. We recall the electric shock that struck the North when Sumter was fired on; the springing to arms of hundreds of thousands of men; the abandonment of ordinary business; the gathering of regiments as men came from the shop, the farm, the office; the camp life with its strangeness, its roughness, its fun and its frolic; the parting of mothers and sons, of husbands and wives; the "flag with the colors of the sky" waving over all; the enthusiasm; the guard mounting the picket; the drilling; the transformation of the quiet citizen into troops who formed square on the double quick, and the bugle spread out like a fan, laid down, got up, advanced, rallied, retreated, guided by a bugle note; the skirmish, the battle, the dead, the maimed, the dying, the defeat, or, oftener still, the victory, and the glorious ending of a struggle in which freedom, and right, and justice, and the Union won for the permanent benefit of the vanquished no less than the conquerors.

The future historian must analyze for us the causes of this war.

We who were then living look in vain in the political history of this country for a cause which struck the South in destroying the union of the States, which is "the palladium of our liberties," and recording in this country the history of ancient Greece, with its discordant republics, its strife and jealousies and incessant wars.

To use a familiar expression, the South "jumped before she was called." The United States Congress had passed no law that the South could complain of. The fugitive slave bill was in full force.

More curiously still, just before Sumter was fired on Dakota, Colorado and Nevada were admitted as Territories, and not one word was said in the bills under which they were organized on the subject of slavery. Douglas had fought, and won, the long battle for what was then called "squatter sovereignty," before the actual fighting commenced.

Abraham Lincoln's election was distasteful to the South. He has since passed into history as one of the greatest and purest men the world ever produced. He was lawfully elected President of the United States. We ourselves, but the other day, saw the grand and patriotic spectacle of a President being elected by 1,100 votes, and 50,000,000 of free men acquiescing in the decision. It will never be said again in this country that any man's election to the Presidency is cause for war.

In the number of men engaged in the battles, sieges, casualties, in the new inventions adapted to war purposes, in the vast extent of territory which was the scene of warfare, in the importance of the issue, and the grandeur of the results, the war of rebellion was not surpassed by any war of which history makes mention.

The conflict between the Merrimack and the Monitor revolutionized naval warfare, and abolished the existing navies of the world. Not less remarkable than the courage and endurance of the soldier, was his conduct when the war was over. One of the grandest acts in the career of Washington was his surrender of his sword to the Continental Congress when the war of the revolution ended. After our war a million of men in arms, when peace came, returned to their legitimate occupations. There was no riot or disorder. I do not renege for you, my comrades, that office, wealth, honors mostly passed you by. You have glory enough. Your names are enrolled forever in fame's proud temple. Humanity will never forget your heroism. Were not these soldiers heroes?

Fresh from the High School, the College, the University, young men or women, can you name me a deed of heroism embalmed in Homer, Greek or modern history that I can not parallel from our own war? Try it. Tell me of the Roman who, armed, equipped and mounted, sprang into the chariot that Rome might be saved. I point you to Sheridan at Cedar Creek, on his black horse spurting into the jaws of death. Tell me of the three men who held the bridge, one of whom remained until his comrades cut it away behind him, and then sprang into the "lucky Tiber" and swam across. I point you to Corcoran, at Altoona Pass, with one ear shot away, holding the fort against enormous odds, while Sherman signals: "Hold the fort! I am coming!"

Tell me of Xenophon's march to the sea. I point you to Grant's march to the sea. One—Sherman's march to the sea. Tell me of Hannibal crossing the Alps. I point to Hooker's battle above the clouds at Lookout Mountain. Tell me of Paul Jones lashing the Bon Homme Richard to the Serapis, and then bombarding and capturing the Serapis. I point you to Omaha, with instant death upon him, dashing his torpedo boat against the Albatross and blowing her to pieces.

Tell me of Nelson, at the battle of the Nile, putting his eye glass to his blind eye, and saying, "I can not see the signal to stop firing."

I point you to Farragut, lashed to the mast, amid a storm of shot and shell, in Mobile Bay. Tell me of Wellington uttering the memorable expression at Waterloo, "Up guards, and at 'em!" I point to our Wellington—Grant—saying, "I know the Richmond campaign. 'I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'" Tell me of Napoleon at Lodi, seizing a standard and leading a brigade across the bridge. I point to Sheridan with battle flag in his hand leading a charge at Five Forks. Tell me of the charge of the light brigade at Balaclava, of which Tennyson sang:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered,
While
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred."

Can I furnish a fellow to this immortal deed? Major Peter Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, I believe, was ordered by Pleasanton at Chancellorsville to charge with 400 men Stonewall Jackson's corps of 10,000. With a proud smile lighting up his face, he answered, "I will do it," and he and his men were literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy.

Sherman has forgotten this when he offered \$500 reward for the body of a dead cavalryman. "Are there any more great deeds known of all men?"

Bring them forth and I will guarantee to cite another, performed by American soldiers as great and glorious.

While we sit here in the anticipation of pleasures to come, enjoyed in the sweet cause of charity, there lies dying in New York the master spirit of the war. Victory accompanied him as he marched, and he never knew defeat. When the end came, and as gallant a soldier as ever fought a losing battle, he said his sword, and he remembered that his enemies were his misguided fellow-citizens. Nothing is more glorious in Grant's career than the terms he accorded to Lee. They were simply the reproduction of the sublime phrase that "Go thy way with the sword, and I will follow thee." While we sit here in the anticipation of pleasures to come, enjoyed in the sweet cause of charity, there lies dying in New York the master spirit of the war. Victory accompanied him as he marched, and he never knew defeat. When the end came, and as gallant a soldier as ever fought a losing battle, he said his sword, and he remembered that his enemies were his misguided fellow-citizens. Nothing is more glorious in Grant's career than the terms he accorded to Lee. They were simply the reproduction of the sublime phrase that "Go thy way with the sword, and I will follow thee."

How Wilkes Booth Passed the Pickets. (Philadelphia Times.)

"Did you ever know how Booth passed the pickets on the bridge of the eastern branch of the Potomac that fatal night?" said my friend. I will tell you as it was told to me by the old sentinel who was on duty that night. A half hour before the time agreed upon by Booth to meet Harold, the latter, who had lived in the neighborhood of the bridge all his life, and who was across the river in the little village of Uniontown then, crossed the bridge to come over on the Washington side. "Who goes there?" said the sentinel on the bridge. A friend, going for a doctor," replied Harold. "Pass," said the Sentinel. He quickly rode up Eleventh street to Pennsylvania avenue and Eighth street, and there in the darkness waited until the thundering hoofs of Booth's horse were heard coming down Pennsylvania avenue. The two horsemen then started down Eighth street toward the bridge on that ride for their lives, which ended in Garrett's burning barn in Virginia, a hundred miles away. "Who goes there?" rang out on the air from the startled sentry as the two horsemen came rushing toward the bridge. Harold was ahead and cried out, "A friend, with the doctor." The two men passed over the bridge, and it was perhaps several hours after the reverberations of the horses' hoofs had died away before the sentry knew who the men in such a hurry really were, and when he found it out he was nearly scared to death for fear he had failed to do his duty."

N-av-aging. (Salt Lake Tribune.)

A citizen of the Base Range, while discussing one afternoon the anti-treating bill with a party of friends, went into a business establishment and got five dimes for a four-bit piece. Joining the group, he said: "Gentlemen, I present each of you with a bit. I believe I will go into the Palace saloon and get a cocktail." The hint was taken, and each one receiving a bit followed suit. Thus the Nevada anti-treating law will be evaded.

What the Northern Armies Fought For. (Boston Herald, Ind. Rep.)

The fact that President Cleveland can call freely upon the best men of the South for public service, and that they gladly respond, seems to us the best guarantee of a restored Union and the highest evidence that the war has passed.

"Laugh and Grow Fat."

is a precept easily preached, but not so easy to practice. If a person has no appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick-headache, dyspepsia, boils, or any other ill resulting from indigestion of the bowels, it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce salubrious cure. In order to laugh satisfactorily you must be well, and to be well you must get your bowels in good order. You can do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little regulators of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Luther Benson's Visit to the Ex-President of the Southern Confederacy.

Luther Benson recently visited Jefferson Davis at his home in Beauvoir, Miss., and tells about his interview as follows, in the Kokomo Dispatch:

On the morning of the 10th instant I stopped at Beauvoir Station, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and after a walk of half a mile arrived at the home of Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy. For quiet and repose a more fitting spot could not have been chosen than this, one of the most beautiful on the Mississippi Sound. The walk from the depot is along an even, white, sandy road, lined on either side by spreading shade trees, the road leading down to the Gulf of Mexico. To the left of the road, and partly hidden by sheltering magnolias, is the house—a large French cottage—with galleries extending along the entire front and sides. Upon these verandas open Venetian windows, where are broad, low steps leading from the closed rooms, catching every whiff of the grateful breeze blowing from the Sound, whose waters stretch away as far as the eye can reach. Mr. Davis has here a plantation comprising 500 acres, about 100 acres of which is kept in a high state of cultivation. A very large vineyard comprises part of it, and the grounds on which the house and out-buildings are set comprise about twenty acres.

I was met at the door by Mrs. Davis, a most stately matron, to whom I gave my name and letters of introduction that Mr. Davis was sick, excused herself to learn if he was able to see me. In a short time she returned and informed me that Mr. Davis was waiting. On entering the room I was cordially greeted by Mr. Davis, whose snowy, white hair and face, and dignified air proclaimed him at once a man of the highest order of great learning and the most polished manners. For weeks he has been confined to his bed, suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. After a few moments' pleasant conversation he asked me if I was acquainted in Beauvoir, Ind. I informed him that at one time Rushville was my home, and that I was well acquainted there. He asked me if I knew a man there by the name of John L. Robinson, and who represented a District of which Rushville is a part in Congress more than thirty years ago. I told him that Robinson had been dead more than twenty-five years, and I only knew him by his great reputation. He said that Robinson, with his family, boarded at the same house on Capitol Hill, Washington, with him, and that he formed a very great attachment for his little daughter, then a child of five years. He said he was at the time she died, and that she was a gentle, sweet girl, and Mr. Robinson's little girl was great company and helped him to pass the time most pleasantly. I informed him that she was a widow and lived in Indianapolis. He requested me to go in person and see her, bearing his kindest greetings and best wishes. He spoke for her several times, and each time a smile lighted his face and his voice was as tender as a woman's, or as she had been his own child. "Dear little girl," he said, "she was so impulsive! Her mother often tried to repress her, but we were such friends she soon forgot her mother's words and was prattling to me about the flowers in the garden, and about the children in the house. I spent the day with Mr. Davis and took dinner with him. I was introduced to the other members of the family, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Davis, a lady of very prepossessing manners, and two little girls, daughter and son. The latter, a lively three and five years. The latter of the household are true types of the Southern woman and intellectual in their conversation. A little incident, which shows the tender heart of Mr. Davis, was that when the two little girls came with flowers for him, he asked them to bring them to him in such a loving tone that their eyes sparkled with joy and they lifted up their faces for a kiss, which was most lovingly bestowed. Mr. Davis talked freely on all the topics of interest, past, present and future, but not until he was positively forbidden the publication of a single word he spoke on the subject of secession. He said that men had visited him and he had given them the courtesy of his home, thinking they were gentlemen and would not report household conversations. He said I was traveling and reported just what I observed, and could write about what I had observed. I had never been home. He is seventy-six years old and very feeble. His face is deeply wrinkled and shows that he has suffered much. But his sufferings and disappointments have softened and mellowed every feature of his face until he can hardly be recognized. He has a countenance as I have never seen before. During our conversation his manner was most pleasing, and not one unkind expression passed over his face, nor one unkind word from his lips. I at one time reminded him that General Grant was dying. "Poor man," he said, "Grant has some splendid qualities, especially personal courage. He is a brave man." He has a very complete library. The library room has open bookcases extending on three sides of the room from the floor to within three feet of the ceiling, and resting on their tops are paintings and busts. Before taking my leave he presented me, as a memento of my visit, a copy of "A Study of the Life and Works of Jesus Christ," with the inscription, "Jefferson Davis to Luther Benson, with best wishes." Another gift was an old penholder which he had used for years. Mr. Davis is the greatest man intellectually I have ever known. He is a man of the highest order of great learning and the most polished manners. For weeks he has been confined to his bed, suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. After a few moments' pleasant conversation he asked me if I was acquainted in Beauvoir, Ind. I informed him that at one time Rushville was my home, and that I was well acquainted there. 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